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Boston, April 25, 1861.

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Dear Mr Drew:

You have made our entire household largely and fragrantly indebted to you, by the numerous bouquets so kindly forwarded to us, of those rare Mayflowers, which, coming from the vicinity of Plymouth Rock, are like the memories of the "Pilgrim Fathers", sweet-scented and precious. Of course, we severally and all desire you to accept our grateful acknowledgments for this renewed annual token of your friendly remembrance. The task of gathering and assorting so large a quantity must have been laborious, and enhances their value. In these stormy and troublous times, to have one's pathway strewn with flowers, is indeed to be highly favored. In thus seeking to bless others, may you always be blessed. Though the gift itself must fade, the remembrance of it will be perennial, stimulating to the performance of kindred acts.

As you request, we will keep the box in which you sent the flowers until you find it convenient to call upon us. We shall all be happy to see you at any time.

No doubt at Plymouth, as every where else, the universal topic of conversation and discussion is the civil war now raging in our belligerent country, the result of two centuries of oppression of the African race. I see the hand of God in it for judgment long withheld, but not unmixed with mercy. All my sympathies and wishes are with the government, because it is entirely in the right, and acting strictly in self-defence and for self-preservation. This I can say without any compromise of my peace principles. The struggle is necessarily geographical - between the North and the South - between freemen and a desperate slave oligarchy - and on either side of the line, a unity of purpose prevails to conquer or die, which is prophetic of



one of the fiercest and bloodiest appeals to arms that the world has ever seen. The whole land is to be severely scourged — there will be desolation and death on a frightful scale, weeping, and mourning, and lamentation for the slain and wounded in thousands of families — but if it shall end in the speedy and total abolition of slavery, the fountain-source of all our national difficulties, it will bring with it inconceivable blessings, and the land will have rest, and the old waste places be restored. But if it shall terminate in new compromises, whereby the traffic in human flesh shall be indefinitely prolonged, then our condition as a nation will be awful indeed, and the next outpouring of divine retribution will be for the extinction of the republic. It seems to me that the day has gone by for any such compromises to be made, and that either freedom or slavery is to obtain universal supremacy. God grant it may be the former!

Your much obliged friend,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

J. B. Grew.

